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## RELIGIOUS TEST.

When Mr Jefferson was a candidate for Chief Magistrate of the United States, an attempt was made by his bitterest political opponents to proscribe him, by representing him as a deist. This, it was thought, would excite the different religious sects against him, and produce such a revulsion in public sentiment as to defeat his election. But all these exertions of his enemies failed of their desired object, although they had contrived, in some instances, to convert the sacred pulpit into a political rostrum against him. His honesty and integrity raised him to the elevated station to which he aspired, and his machinating enemies dwindled into insignificance before the popular feeling.

As with Mr Jefferson, so with Mr. Van Buren. Some of the opponents of the latter have endeavored to excite various religious denominations against him by representing him as being a member of the Roman Catholic Church. The motive for such representations must easily be seen by Catholics as well as all other denominations of Christian, for it is nothing more nor less than an attempt to defeat his election to the presidency, as in the case of Mr. Jefferson. In order to show that this is the design of Mr. Van Buren's enemies, we publish the following letter from Hon. Aaron Van derpoel, member of the House of Representatives of the U. S. from the district in which Mr. Van Buren was born. The letter is in answer to one from the Hon. Zadock Casey, member from Illinois; in which Mr. Casey made the enquiries therein answered.

For ourselves, we do not support or condemn a man for office on account of his religious opinions; we leave him to settle that matter with his creator. We require Mr Jefferson's test—"Is he honest, is he capable to be faithful to the constitution?"—Ohio Patriot.

WASHINGTON CITY, House of Reps April 9th, 1836.

Sir— I have just received your letter of this date, requesting me to state for the information of certain citizens of Illinois whether Mr Van Buren is or has been a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

Agreeing with you in the great principle to which you refer, as well as also in the belief, that there can, notwithstanding, be no valid objections to have the fact upon the point to which your inquiry relates truly stated, I cheerfully comply with your request.

I have been acquainted with Mr. Van Buren and his family, from my earliest recollection. I was born in, and now reside in Kinderhook, which is the native town of both of us. He is not, and never has been a Roman Catholic. That there may no longer be any excuse for the further circulation of the statement which have already been so extensively and industriously spread upon this subject I have thought proper in fulfillment of your wishes, to obtain his authority for this declaration.

Mr. Van Buren was bred in the religious principles of the Reform Protestant Dutch Church, whose tenets are similar to those of the old Presbyterian Churches. Whilst he resided in Kinderhook, this was the only Church in the village; his parents attended it, and he was baptised in it; and until his removal to the city of Hudson, he was a regular attendant on its services. There being no Dutch Church in Hudson, and Mrs. Van Buren becoming a member of the Presbyterian Church at that place, he attended with his family, until her death, a church of that denomination, first at Hudson, and afterwards at Albany, under the care of the late Dr. John Chester. Since the death of Dr. Chester, which occurred, I think, in the beginning of 1829, he has been a pew holder in the Church, and has usually attended when in Albany, on the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Welch of the Baptist Church, a selection which I presume may be ascribed to personal friendship, and to the high character of that distinguished clergyman for ability and eloquence.

It is due to Mr. Van Buren to add, that he is no sectarian, and that he uniformly has been and is a decided advocate of freedom of conscience, and of the equal rights of all persons to participate in the privileges and blessings secured by our constitution.

I have the honor to be Your obedient servant,  
AARON VANDERPOEL.  
Hon. ZADOCK CASEY.

## MR. VAN BUREN'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE POPE.

From the New York Daily Advertiser.

As much curiosity exists to see this correspondence, we make a few extracts for the gratification of our readers. Mr. Cicognani, the American Consul at Rome, wrote a letter to Mr. Van Buren, dated May 1, 1830, in which he informs him of his official visit to the Pope. "His holiness received me," says Mr. Cicognani, "in the most benign manner, and expressed the most favorable sentiments for the government, as well as for the nation of the United States of America."

The following is Mr. Van Buren's reply to Mr. Cicognani, and we have italicized some remarkable passages:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,  
Washington, 20th July, 1830.  
Felix Cicognani Consul of the U States at Rome.

Sir—Your letters of the 11th of April, and the 1st of May, the first anticipating the favorable sentiments of his Holiness the Pope, towards the government of the United States, and last, confirming your anticipations, have been received at this department and submitted to the President, by whom I am directed to convey to his Holiness, through the same channel, an assurance of the satisfaction which he derives from this communication, of the frank and liberal opinions entertained by the Apostolic See towards this Government and the people, and of the policy which you like wise state his holiness has adopted, and which is so worthy of the head of a great and Christian Church, as sidiously to cultivate, in his intercourse with foreign nations, the relations of amity and good will, sedulously to abstain from all interference in their occasional differences with each other, except with the benign view of effecting reconciliations between them.

You will accordingly seek an early opportunity to make known to the Pope, in the terms and manner better suited to the occasion, the light in which the President views the communication referred to, and likewise will assure him that the President reciprocates to their full extent and spirit, the friendly and liberal sentiments entertained by his holiness towards the Government and the people of the United States, by those which he entertains towards the Apostolic See, and the People of the States of the Church; and it is the President's wish that you should, on the same occasion, offer his congratulations to the Holy Father, upon his recent succession to the Tiara, not from any Hereditary claim on his part, but the prepondering influence which a just estimate of his talents and virtues had upon the enlightened councils by which that high distinction was conferred, and which afford the best pledge that his pontificate will be a wise and beneficent one.

You will take care, likewise, to assure his Holiness, in reference to the paternal solicitude which he expresses in behalf of the Roman Catholics in the United States, that all our citizens professing that religion stand upon the same elevated ground which citizens of all other religious denominations occupy, in regard to the rights of conscience, that of perfect liberty, contra-distinguished from toleration; that they enjoy an entire exemption from coercion in every possible shape, upon the score of religious faith, and they are free, in common with their fellow citizens of all other sects, to adhere or to adopt the creeds, and practice the worship, best adapted to their reason or prejudices, and that there exists a perfect unity of faith in the United States among religionists of all professions, as to the wisdom and policy of that cardinal feature of all our constitutions and forms of government those of the United States and the separate states of the Union, by which this inestimable right is formally recognized, and the enjoyment of it inviolably secured.

I have given directions for the transmission to you of the acts of Congress which you request, by the earliest convenient opportunity.

In the mean time, I am, sir, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) M. VAN BUREN.

The lustrous compliments to the holy father contained in his reply, are worthy of the cunning of the author. A vast majority of the people of this country repudiate nauseating flattery. To compliment a Pope on his election, because it is not in virtue of a hereditary right, is going pretty far out of the way, when every school boy knows that any hereditary claim among a priesthood condemned to celibacy,

would be rank nonsense. To compliment his holiness on such grounds, is, in our judgment, the height of absurdity.—Alexandria Advertiser.

There are a few things contained in the foregoing communication of Mr. Van Buren to the Pope of Rome, that require particular observation. The general tenor and spirit of the letter is that of the most fulsome and sickening adulation. It is evident beyond a doubt, from the tone of this letter, that Van Buren is extremely anxious to court the especial favor of the Roman Catholics, that "great and Christian Church," as he calls them, and especially it is evident that he is peculiarly anxious to create and maintain a friendly and cordial communication and intercommunication with "His Holiness the Holy Father." And all this Mr. Van Buren does not as a private man, but as an Officer of Government. For it will be recollected that at the time of the correspondence, he was acting as Secretary of State. To bring this matter home to our bosoms, we need but ask ourselves what would have been our feelings as American citizens, had Mr. Van Buren as Secretary of State in this Republican Government, addressed the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Baptist, or any other christian denomination, even of our own country, in the complimentary and congratulatory terms with which he has addressed the Pope of Rome? Aye, there is the rub. What would have been our feelings in such a case? The indignation of the American people of every name and every profession could not have found an adequate vent—so jealous are this people of that trumpet connexion between Church and State.

Pittsburgh Gazette.

From the New York Sunday Morning News.

## DAVID CROCKETT.

He was indeed a character—one that no other country but our own ever did or ever will produce. The whole man, physical and mental, was of frontier growth. The pioneers of civilization in the west were, most of them, born in a more thickly settled portion of our country; but pushing westward took possession of the wilderness, and made it bow beneath their exertions. Labor and exposure gave hardihood and independence to their character; and they felt and acted like lords of the soil. The axe and the rifle were familiar to their offspring from their infancy. In this society was David Crockett educated, and became distinguished, in his youth, for feats of strength and skill; few were stronger, and none had a more unerring aim, than Crockett. He soon, in the flush language of the country, became a steamboat. In the war of 1812 he turned a soldier, and was a brave one; a man to be led, not driven; one who had more courage than discipline. There was a romance in his character not uncommon among his countrymen, but in him it was full and exalted. The light of nature's sagacity, which the white man on our frontiers possesses in a greater degree than the Indian, makes education less necessary than in thickly settled countries. After the war was over, Crockett was a successful hunter, and a prosperous planter, and every way a busy man. His hospitality was unbounded; his doors were open to the way-faring man, and he could not pass without breaking bread with him, and washing it down with a glass of old Monongahela.

Among the evils of a new country is the rage for political life; and Crockett was infected by this mania, and placed himself before the public as a candidate for Congress. His struggle for this honor was a long one, but he at length succeeded. He had good lungs, fine health, and persevered in his electioneering with untiring assiduity. His voice was loud, and well suited to stump oratory. He sometimes softened his accents to coax friends, but met his antagonists with the growl of a bear and the spring of a panther. No disasters ever broke him down, if one campaign failed, he was soon in the field for another. If his vocabulary was scanty, he was master of the slang of his vernacular, and was happy in his coarse figures. He spurned the idle rules of the grammarians, and had a rhetoric of his own. When he came to Congress he imagined he should awe many of the dandy members by his corporeal prowess, and that his skill in shooting and strength in wrestling, would serve as well in Washington as at an electioneering assembly. He had promised to reform many abuses, and that in a direct, short way. The first thing, he said, that bothered him was the rules and orders; what those rules really things were made for he could not reckon, for they did not do any good. If he happened to violate the rules and orders and get on a fair track, he found that his tongue did not wag so glibly as it used to on the stump; and he frequently found his respiration difficult and his knees weak, when he attempted to harangue in the House. He could not understand this, but still he found it was so, day after day. He often looked around to see if there was any one bigger or stronger than himself, that caused this fear;

until then he had never known any other cause of fear than that of a stronger man than himself. His great visions of reform, one after another, vanished, for he could not make the members listen to his reasonings. And after a while he began to suspect that there was not so much honesty among men as he had believed there was. If he got a fair shot at a political wild cat, he found that he had more lives than was ever fabled of grimalkin—and even if he knocked his brain out the creature would not die. As he picked up a few words of English, and softened some of his bold sayings, in fact the more he lost of the man of the woods, the less interest he became as a curiosity. The last time we saw him he reminded us of the savage who had lost the energy and pantomime grace of the war dance, in taking lessons from a French master to figure in a cotillion. Such were the fascinations of Washington, and of life in the capital, that he was anxious to be continued in Congress, but he must have his own way; he, like an honest man, would not be tampered, and they at length refused to send him. Excitement he must have; and just as he lost his election the troubles at Texas began, and here was a field for him. He could not live without being before the public. He had been half inebriated with distinction for eight or ten years, and glorious acclamation would not answer for David Crockett and he found it hard work to gain and support a literary reputation. His court phrases did not look as they sounded from the tongue.

He was brave, and had the ardent soul of a warrior. He knew that military renown was more rapidly acquired if acquired at all, than any other. One bold adventure has fixed the soldier's fate—either sent him to sleep in the bed of honor or raised him to fame and power. Reasoning thus, he went "ahead." Nor was his destiny long doubtful; he met the enemy and boldly died. Thousands of his countrymen will rise to avenge his death—God speed them. The ashes of Crockett were not given to the winds in vain. A hotter flame than that which consumed his mortal remains, will burn in the hearts of indignant freemen, until the murderer leaves the clench of his dagger, and the bigot, with his flag and his torch, are stamped to dust.

## ANECDOTE OF LIFE IN THE WOODS.

Among the earliest settlers in the wilds of Salmon River, was a Vermontese, by the name of Dobson—a larger, resolute and athletic man. Returning one evening from a fruitless hunt after his vagrant cows, which, according to custom in the new country had been turned into the woods to procure their own subsistence from the rank herbage of early summer; just before emerging from the forest upon the clearing of his neighbor, the late worthy Job Sleeper, he saw a large bear descending from a large sycamore, where he had been in quest, probably, of honey. A bear ascends a tree much more expertly than he descends it, being obliged to come down the stern foremost. My friend Dobson did not very well like to be joined in his evening walk by such a companion; and without reflecting what he should do with the "varmint" afterwards, he ran up to the tree on the opposite side from the animal's body, and just before he reached the ground, seized him firmly by both his fore paws. Bruin growled and gnashed his tusks; but he soon ascertained that his paws were in the grasp of paws equally iron strung with his own. Nor could he use his hinder-paws to disembowel his antagonist, as the manner of the bear is, inasmuch as the trunk of the tree was between them. But Dobson's predicament, as he was endowed with rather the most reason, was worse yet. He could no more assail him. Nor could he venture to let go of him, since the presumption was, that Bruin would not make him a very gracious return for thus unceremoniously taking him by the hand. The twilight was fast deepening into darkness, and his position was far less comfortable than it otherwise would have been at the same hour, surrounded by his wife and children at the supper table, to say nothing of the gloomy prospect for the night. Still, as Job Sleeper's house was not far distant, he hoped to be able to call him to his assistance. But his lungs, though none of the weakest were unequal to the task; and, although he hallowed and bawled the live-long night, making the woods and the welkin ring again, he succeeded no better than old Glandower of old, in calling spirits from the vasty deep. It was a wearisome night for Dobson, such a game of hold-fast he had never been engaged in before. Bruin, too, was probably somewhat worried, although he could not describe his sensation in English, albeit he took the regular John Bull method of making known his dissatisfaction—that is to say he growled incessantly. But there was no let go in the case, and Dobson was therefore under the necessity of holding fast, until it seemed to his clenched and aching fingers as though the bear's paws and his had grown together.

As daylight returned, and the smoke from Mr Sleeper's chimney began to curl up gracefully, though rather dimly in the distance, Dobson again repeated his cries for succor; and his heart was soon gladdened by the appearance of his worthy but inactive neighbor, who had at last been attracted by the voice of the impatient sufferer, bearing an axe upon his shoulder. Dobson had never been so much rejoiced at seeing Mr Sleeper before, albeit he was a very kind and estimable neighbor.

"Why don't you make haste, Mr Sleeper, and not be lounging along at that rate, when you see a fellow christian in such a kettle of fish as this?"

"I run! Is that you, Mr Dobson, up a tree there? And was it you I heard howling so last night? I guess you ought to have your lodgings for nothing if you've stood up again the tree all night."

"It's no joke, though, I can tell you, Mr Job Sleeper; and if you had hold of the paws of the black varmint all night, it strikes me you'd paid dear enough for it. But you heard me calling for help in the night, why didn't you come and see what was the trouble?"

"Oh, I was going tired to bed, after laying up a log fence all day, and I thought I'd wait till morning, and come out bright and early. But, if I'd known 'twas you—"

"Known 'twas me!" replied Dobson, bitterly, "you knew 'twas somebody who had flesh and blood too good for these plessey black varmits, though; and you know there's been a smart sprinkle of bears about the settlement, all this spring."

"Well, don't be in a huff, Tommy. It's never too late to do good. So, hold tight now, and don't let the tarnation critter get loose, while I split his head open."

"No, no," said Dobson. "After holding the beast here all night, I think I ought to have the satisfaction of killing him. So, you just take hold of his paws, here and I will take the axe and let a streak of daylight into his skull about the quickest."

The proposition was a fair one; Mr Sleeper was too reasonable a man to object. He was no coward, neither, and he, therefore, stepped up to the tree, and cautiously taking the bear with both hands, relieved honest Dobson from his predicament. The hands of the latter, though sadly stiffened by the tenacity with which they had been clenched for so many hours, were soon brandishing the axe, and he apparently made all preparations for giving the deadly blow—and deadly it would have been, had he struck; since, like the sons of Zeruah, Dobson needed to strike but once. But to the surprise of Sleeper, he did not strike; and, to his further consternation, Dobson swung the axe upon his shoulder, and marched away, whistling as he went, with as much indifference, as the other had shown when coming to his relief.

It was Sleeper's turn to make the forest vocal with his cries. In vain he raved, and called, and threatened. Dobson walked on and disappeared, leaving his friend as sad a prospect as he himself had for his supper.

To relieve the suspense of the reader, it is right to add, that Dobson returned and killed the bear in the course of the afternoon.

[Waldie's Post Folio.

## A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT LIPS.

I love a wholesome lip. People are too much in the habit of regarding lips as mere appendages to the human face divine—ornaments to set off its beauty. This is to detract from their use and excellence. They serve other purposes; and when properly regarded, are indicia—indexes of character.

I think in the general, people are disposed to consider their noses of more importance than their lips, and many saucy noses seem to be of the same way of thinking—as we see them turning up with an expression of scorn as if the lips were far their inferiors. No sensible nose is ever guilty of such dastardly effrontery. Such an one it is true, may occasionally flap its nostrils, and crow lustily over its neighbor; as if it were cock of the walk; but the lip with a soft insinuation, will soon tame the monarch down to a mere republican.

What I mean by a wholesome lip, is one of the color of a morello cherry, and which pouts like a rose-bud—one which might lead a bee astray by its promise of sweetness. I understand that in the olden time when kissing was in its prime—sorry am I that it should ever have gotten

out of the gallants of taste used to manifest an especial preference for lips of this kind. There was rich flavour about such, which no shrivelled lip, pout as it might, could ever aspire to. Plato must have worn such, for we are told that the bees used to hover about his lips when he was an infant, and in these things the judgments of bees are only inferior to those of bachelors.

I knew an old negro once, who had a magnificent gift of underlip. It was with out model, although not without shadow. It poured down, a real cataract of lip. It was of the shape and size of a half grown greyhound's ear. He had no chin—and his lip, which had swallowed it up, circled over his jaw-bone, in amply apology. At a distance you would have mistaken it for a tongue, too large for the capacity of his mouth—or a red banner hung out to tell which way the wind blew. I was a shaver in those days, and well do I recollect sundry provocations which I gave him touching his lip, and then he would shiver it at me, and give chase, while at every leap he took, I could see the lip flapping the lower jaw like a huge wing. Poor fellow, he's dead now,—he died not exactly of a broken heart, but of overmuch lip.

My aunt Saly—*par mânes!*—wore a lip of another kind.—It was a mere streak along the horizon—an aëry margin along an ocean of mouth—a strip to tell you where her teeth were. My aunt never married—and had she gone to the altar, it would have been an interesting spectacle when she gave the bridal kiss. I remember a salutation she gave me once, when, like Fan ny, I was younger than I am now—and "prettier—of course." Instead of the delightful sensation which arises from an application of soft, spongy elastic lips, it was quite the reverse; and it seemed to me that she was touching my cheek with iron bound bits of flesh, or her teeth. When she would gather the lips of her mouth together with a slight pucker, it was the inevitable harbinger of a coming storm. In the choice of a wife, I mean to a void your thin, bluish, starved to death stripes of flesh, which people miscall lips.

There are two sorts of lips—the nectarine and the vinegar—deserving of especial notice. The nectarine swell out in beautiful round curves, while the vinegar are very sharp, and make you smack your mouth when you look at them. The first belong to the amiable the latter to those of acid tempers.—Everlasting spring lives in the blossoms of a nectarine lip—its fragrance is perennial—and falling in love with the owner of such a blessing, you have nothing to fear from acid humors. Eternal winter dwells upon a vinegar lip and no array rill of blood ever spreads the hue of health over its.

There are lips which are locked up in one unswerving purpose. They belong to the resolute and decisive. There are others which are everlastingly apart, as if there had been a civil war, and they had agreed upon continual separation. These, it is suspected, generally appertain to heads whose wits, to say the most of them, are quite fathomable.

Some lips are poetical. Smiles fling a light like a morning ray upon them and they are glorious in their brightness. You feel as, if you were born to worship, an appropriate shrine was before you. Your eyes are fixed in admiration, whose spell you would never break. Every word which their fairer possessor utters, only serves to heighten their magic, and display some new form which you dream the voice of your destiny must come. You may talk of their influences, but vainly would you attempt to describe them. Imagination can conceive of nothing more delicious than kissing such lips. I am overwhelmed at the thought of such bliss.

S.

English papers state that the excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum are still carried on with spirit by the Neapolitan Government. An Inn has been discovered at Herculaneum; consisting of two divisions—the first: forming a large vestibule with a court yard for the accommodation of domestic animals; the other a court for carts, flanked by pilasters forming vaults for merchandise. Much of it remains yet to be cleared. The pavement is in Mosaic work representing flowers. A discovery has also been made at Pompeii, of late—busts of no ordinary richness.—It is a house in the street of Mercury; containing some paintings of Narcissus and Endymion, four vases of silver, and a great quantity of medals, among which were twenty-five pieces of gold of the first Roman Emperor. Two vases of silver of five inches diameter ornamented with reliefs of Cupids and Centaurs, and emblems of Bacchus and Ceres have also been found.